

# Cult Of Luna, Curse

Tonight I mourn the loss of heart and soul.

The path is taken, The curse received.  
Dark and barren in the winter night.  
Shadows move along the tree line.

A life is cleansed in blood.  
Cleansed by these guilt hands.  
Purged in a hollow soul.  
Scorched and punished.

At the harbor I waited.  
Kept an eye on the Baltic Sea.  
Across these eastern waters a country of filth and dirt.  
He emerged from the forest, how did he know? I damn this forsaken land.  
Still the moon is looming low.